

# MAINE FARMER

## AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,  
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,  
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EZEKIEL HOLMES,  
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, Editors.

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Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation  
of the word.—Talleyrand.



### MAINE FARMER.

#### White Weed or Oxeye Daisy.

We deem it a sort of annual duty to warn our friends in those towns where this weed has not already got a strong footing, to guard against its approaches with the utmost care. Where it has overrun the fields, nothing but careful cultivation for a length of time will eradicate it. But where it has not yet fairly seeded the earth it will not be much trouble to keep it out. Dig it up by the roots and "burn, sink and destroy" it. We have noticed sometimes that roots of it have been dug up where the plant was merely out of blossom and thrown down to die. In this state the juices remaining in the root and stalk were sufficient to ripen the seed which were sown by the winds, and thus all the labor was lost. If possible, burn them up or effectually prevent them from ripening any seed. The weed makes very good hay when cut in blossom, but there is more show than substance to it. It yields but little weight to the acre and keeps out better grasses.

#### Tall Meadow Oat Grass.

We received the following note from Mr. Winthrop, accompanying a fine specimen of the "Tall Meadow Oat Grass." We furnished Mr. Truxton Wood, of this town, with some seed of this variety of grass last year. What has become of it Truxton? Give an account of your stewardship.

Hallowell, June 29, 1843.

DR. HOLMES:—Dear Sir; I send you a specimen of the "Tall Meadow Oat Grass." It is now in bloom, and my field would now average 4 1/2 feet in height. For further particulars I would refer you to volume second of the New England Farmer printed in Boston.

FRANCIS WINGATE.

I have understood that the late Col. John Taylor, that eminent Virginia farmer, had cultivated, with warm approbation the Tall Meadow Oat Grass. I regret his account of it has never fallen into my hands. Several years' experience has satisfied me of its great value to the farmer. It springs earlier in the season than other grass with which I am acquainted; has abundance of leaves; and as soon as mown, it rises again immediately, and produces a vigorous second crop. In its young and tender state cattle eat it freely and it will continue in the same ground, among other grasses, an indefinite number of years. I should however, prefer sowing it so thick as to occupy the whole ground. It is probably seldom sown thick enough; for the seed is large; two bushels are little enough for an acre.—The seed is easily saved, but cut it the moment the seed is ripe—or it will fall and be lost. Sinclair says it is subject to the rust, but that "the disease does not make its appearance till after the period of flowering; that it affects the whole plant; and that at the time when the seeds are ripe, the leaves and straw are withered and dry." Excepting the dryness of the stems bearing the seed, when these are ripe, no part of this description touches the tall meadow oat grass during the seven or eight years it has fallen under my observation. As to its character for hay, I should advise, on account of its strong stems, rising three or four feet in height, to mow it early, even rather before than after its flowering state. [N. E. Farmer.]

#### Apple Tree Borer.

We have received a living specimen of the apple tree borer, accompanying the following communication.

The Massachusetts Ploughman sometime since published a history of this destructive insect, together with a cut or portrait of it. We should have copied it if we could have obtained a cut. The fellow that friend E. G. B. sent us, "broke jail" in the night and cleared out. If he will catch another one and forward to us, we will have a portrait of him taken, and tell more about him.

FRIEND HOLMES:—Accompanying this I send you a common enemy to our apple trees, that is already in the field, committing most unprofitable depredations among our fruit trees.

In your valuable paper, I have not seen so much as was to me desirable about this *apple tree borer*. Was it owing to the supposition that he was no "great shakes" after all? If so, we shall be woefully disappointed in the premature death of thousands of our best fruit trees from this stubborn enemy.

I found some few of them in the same state of perfection as this I send you last year, and opened my crusade against them; but for all this I fear the result of their works.

The "Agricultural Reader," by Dr. Adams of Massachusetts should find its way into every school in the New England States. Political economy should be taught in our common schools, and also the principles of political science in general should be studied and the sciences should not be neglected.

Had I time at command, consistent with my other duties, I would tell you what I know of the above "critter"; but as I have not just now, I would hope some other one would take it up.

If we consider the subject unworthy our serious attention *now*, we shall not by and by.

Hastily yours, &c. E. G. B.

N. Yarmouth Centre, June 30, 1843.

STRAY MOOSE.—A couple of moose were reported, as seen last week in Livermore; and last week, as Mr. Dennis Towle of this town was going over a meadow on the back part of his farm, a little more than a mile from this village, he found a large moose lying dead. It appeared to have been dead but a short time. It was skinned and the skin is in possession of Mr. Otis Howard. We suppose that he was driven down from the frontier and was either run to death or "scared to death," a warning to all moose not to come into "these diggings."

GREEN PEAS.—We have received a "small dose" of green peas, gathered in the garden of Hon. David Stanley, in this town, on the 30th of June. Mr. Stanley thought he should gather a plenty of them on the 4th. The first part of the spring has been wet and cold, which very much retarded vegetation, but this is doing very well indeed.

#### Effect of Lime upon Beans.

Has any one observed that lime, put into the hill, unslacked, at the time of planting beans, has affected them injuriously? If so, we would like to hear his experience on the subject communicated to us. We are not sure, but are rather suspicious that we have had the germinating power of a large portion of beans which we planted the present season, destroyed by the use of lime in the hill—not in contact with the seed. We have been unable, as yet, to discover any other cause. S.

#### Poudrette and Corn.

We are beginning to be a convert to the superior efficacy and economy of *poudrette*, as a manure for corn. We have about one acre planted with the use of a gill to a hill, side by side with an acre in which lime in about two thirds of that quantity, was used to the hill, and at this stage of growth the former exhibits a decided superiority over the latter. The ground is a sandy soil, and all of the same variety and first prepared alike with mud and clay ploughed in. The poudrette was from the manufacturer of D. K. Minor, N. Y. City. We shall report the future progress of the experiment.

#### Our Common Schools.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—"Knowledge is power," so said a distinguished British writer, [Lord Bacon] But will the profound knowledge of a few individuals tend to raise the condition of our country and perpetuate those great principles of republican liberty which are the pride and boast of American freemen? The late Gov. Lincoln in his message to our Legislature urged upon our people the spreading of knowledge all over the State. If we recollect right, he recommended a seminary for distinct female education. But we think that every literary institution in our State should be open and free to the youth of both sexes. In England it is said that the middle and higher ranks spare no expense in the education of their children—the chosen few enjoying the benefits of science; but what of the great mass of their population, are they kept in ignorance? Is the "key of knowledge" taken away from them for the purpose of securing the aggrandizement of the rich and the misnamed great? Individuals possessing superior talents or extensive learning may be eminently useful—one individual, indeed, may enlighten a whole community. But if knowledge be concentrated into the hands of a chosen few it is aristocracy.

Knowledge is one of the great means of promoting the prosperity and securing the liberties of the people. But will mere intellectual education alone form a bulwark sufficient to render our republican institutions perfectly safe? Indeed, all education in a certain sense of the term is intellectual; but what shall we say of knowledge without virtue? Learning makes good men better—bad men worse. Why did Greece and Rome crumble, was it because their people were illiterate? No! Shall we speak of the causes which raised Greece and Rome, each in their turn, to the summit of glory? The spread of science was one of the causes which operated in elevating the condition of those distinguished republics. But shall we speak of those vices which humbled the Athenian and the proud unbending Spartan, and which, at a later period, subdued the spirit of the noble Roman? But it has been said that the field of agriculture is the true nursery of republican virtue. The spread of the christian religion and of useful knowledge among the people and the advancement of every branch of useful industry under proper regulations will all contribute to add strength to our glorious republican institutions. Agriculture must claim the preference over every other branch of our national industry, inasmuch as it is the great staff of liberty and the foundation of wealth. But how stands the business of our common schools? Has our Legislature done the State immortal honor either by their attention to this or any other subject of great importance? Have our school committees and our people distinguished themselves for their zeal and activity in the cause of education?

The "Agricultural Reader," by Dr. Adams of Massachusetts should find its way into every school in the New England States. Political economy should be taught in our common schools, and also the principles of political science in general should be studied and the sciences should not be neglected.

JOHN E. ROLFE.

Rumford, June, 1843.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

New Series. Vol. II. No. 27.  
Whole No. 347.

A Cow Worth Keeping.

In the Philadelphia Saturday Museum, a Mr. JAMES GOWEN, after advertising to a cow said to be owned near Newcastle, Delaware, which yields twenty-one pounds of butter per week, speaks of his own cow (*Durham*) "Dairy Maid," as follows:

"In the summer of 1839, on very indifferent pasture at some three to four months from calving, then milking 32 quarts on an average per day, she had no extra feed given to her but a small quantity of brown stuff, mixed with the short hay fallen from the mow, to make up for the deficiency of the pasture.

"In the summer following, say 1840, at four months from calving, she yielded in one week's milking, the same quantity of 23 1/2 quarts per day. The pasture this time was better than that of the former, and she had nothing extra given her except on one or two occasions at noon, the weather being hot, she had a little brown or shipstiff, mixed with water as a drink, when she appeared weak and exhausted by travelling in the sun nearly half a mile from the pasture-field. Some days she gave 35 quarts, some days less, but the average per day was over 33 1/2 quarts, and this too at four months from calving.

"The latter at first trial was not quite 13 pounds, and at the latter it was a little over 14, but then it was well-worked, marketable butter, of sixteen ounces to the pound. In the seventh month from calving, she made 12 pounds. The whole milking for seven months would not have averaged less than 13 pounds of butter per week, perhaps more had she been tried previous to the fourth month from calving, but this could not be done, as her calves had been kept with her some three months after calving. She was timed, and the milk measured, for reasons I need not mention now, with as much precision as if matters of deep importance were pending, and gainayers had cognizance of the process. She never had milk given to her, nor any delicacy beyond the usual treatment of a common dairy cow, and this I can establish by such testimony as would obtain in a court of law. Permit me to add, gentlemen, I would not be thus particular merely on personal account, but for the character I have for some years sustained as a Pennsylvania Agriculturist, and for the reputation of that noble breed, the *Durham*, which, for the benefit of farmers, I have been at some pains to establish. In other words, I should feel mortified if I think my Agricultural Brethren at a distance could believe me such a fool as to give "milk and extraordinary delicacies to a cow, to make her produce more than her usual quantity." I have milked "*Dairy Maid*," within the last two weeks, in the presence of several respectable agriculturists, who were a visit to me, and she yielded on those occasions from 31 1/2 to 36 1/2 quarts per day, being in the third month from calving.

"A word as to the great butter cow near Newcastle. Does not the owner of that cow know that there is a premium of Fifty Dollars offered to any cow not being *Durham*, that will yield fourteen pounds of good, well-worked, marketable butter, and one dollar an ounce for every ounce made over the fourteen pounds—the animal to be allowed abundant good pasture, or in its absence, an equivalent in other feed—a committee of disinterested persons, members of the "Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture," to be the superintendents?

The Newcastle cow to give one third less than 21 pounds could take this premium. Why does she not compete?"

#### The Potato Root.

This vegetable, now so indispensable at our tables, has been in use less than three hundred years. It resulted from the discovery of America, as it was unknown to Europeans prior to that time, and it was a long time after that event before it was either known or noticed. All vegetables as well as fruits are changed by culture; some of them to such an extent as to almost depart from the identity of the original, and most of them as to retain only a resemblance in kind rather than in appearance. This is said to have been the fact with the potato. Like the ground nut it was indigenous to South America, in a temperate climate, where the roots of the growth of summer were not killed by the frost of the following winter, and where in this way only are the seeds from the balls the plant was continued. Under these circumstances the roots must have been small in size, growing as they did upon the same spot from year to year, and with no encouragement from the hand of cultivation. In this condition the potato was noticed by the botanist of that day; and observing that the natives used the root when washed as food, it was taken and carried to England. Here it was slow, very slow in its progress to public estimation. Like tobacco in this respect, but unlike it in every other, the prudent and wary refrained lest there should be something suspicious in this new article of food, that required only time to develop itself, upon the human system. Like, however, the deeds of a good man, which was gained not lost; the root produced more and more from year to year, and those who used it grew more and more fond of it. It was especially deemed valuable to accompany the gross and harsh feeds of swine provisions. It also had medicinal properties claimed for it, that for a time no doubt produced customers, such as have since become fond of the tomato under the alluring name of the *love apple*. The potato took root in Ireland, and it was observed that the Irish were a very loving people, and had the most numerous as well as robust families of children,—no "cheese paring" people they. About this time and doubtless in reference to this supposed virtue in the potato, we find merry Jack Falstaff, with a Windsor wife upon each arm under the spreading oak, ejaculating "let the sky rain potatoes" and thunder to the tune of "green sleeves." With its own merits, these winning attributes and the wants of man, the potato at length became a universal favorite in Europe and in this country. It has become beyond that of any other root an essential in domestic economy. It has no doubt increased greatly the inhabitants of the earth, and mitigated in a large degree the occasional distresses and famines from destroyed crops of corn; for this root thrives best in those wet seasons that blight and mildew the wheat and the corn. The potato too is successfully grown where Indian corn cannot be matured, and in fact it grows best in moist and cool climates. In this State and in Maine it is a great article, and it comes to greater perfection than in the southern more sunny and dryer climates. Ireland is famed also for good potatoes, and her climate, moist and cool, seems extremely well suited for its production. Maine, to a very considerable extent in common with a portion of this State, exports large quantities of this root to southern markets, and must, it is believed, continue to do so for years to come. The people of the Atlantic southern cities look to us for their winter supply as a matter of course, but they have a resource in their mountain ranges west of them that may in time rival this supply. As fine potatoes as can be found in this or any other country grow in the upper glades of the Alleghany range, where even in Pennsylvania and Virginia it is too cold for the ripening of Indian corn. Here also is

found the oat, veining in weight almost with wheat, and no doubt equaling the famed oats of Scotland which grow there also in the mountainous districts. The vast resources and latent wealth of this great mountain range will yet be unfolded. Inexhaustible coal mines, iron mines, as well as fertility of soil, in a climate pronounced by Volney to be the best in our country, yet wait the development of the hand of man. These resources are however advantageously located; like the torrents they now divide, their productions will pour down upon our eastern and western cities; the great article of fuel, and all the products of from above and below the surface of the earth, the potatoes among them. It is thought by many that it is time that a new variety of this root should be brought forth from the seed from the ball. This root, like the apple, &c., is said to have its age, and decline. Old men will recollect when potatoes now gone were the preferred kinds for the table. The old fashioned red, the inner skin of which was of a scarlet color, and the old English whites, are no where seen, or but rarely. They have been succeeded by other kinds: such as the pink eye, the chenango, &c. This last kind originated from seed in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, on the Chenango creek, and hence its name. It is about twenty-five years old, and is thought to have past its best days. At about from ten to twenty years from the seed is believed to be the most abundant period, and the sign of degeneracy is manifested by the potato ball which is said never to grow upon a new species. By taking these balls when ripe and sowing the seed which is quite small, small plants may be raised with roots not much larger the first year than large peas. These preserved and planted produce fair sized roots, and the third year quite good potatoes. From the seed in this way a very great variety is produced, in form, color and qualities, the best of which can be saved, and the others rejected; and it is said to be a sort of general truth in relation to potatoes that those having the greatest number of eyes are the most productive and least palatable, while those with few eyes are the reverse, less productive and best for the table. The Chenango is among this latter kind, and the Rohan the former. Let then some of our farmers of leisure, turn their attention to a new species. They who in this way promote the benefit of society by new and practical articles of life and comfort, are among those who not only have their sure reward, but benefit their day and generation. Would it not be well for a sort of general consent to give to the fruits, or grain, or roots, produced in this way, the names of the persons, not only to distinguish the production itself, but to stimulate to exertion? It is my own feeling, and common to many of us to feel gratified and rewarded by this notice, this fame which is better than the fame of the conqueror over man, or which it has no drawback in human sorrow or suffering, but goes to promote plenty and prosperity.

—Farmer's Monthly Visitor. P.

their own individual responsibility. In the one case they do but share, and they generally contrive alone they have no subterfuge, no excuse.

**We want** for the boys who are destined to till the earth, scientific and industrial schools, that they may acquire, simultaneously, and in the scholastic period of life, a knowledge of the best practices in farming, and of the principles upon which it can now alone be judiciously and successfully conducted.

**We want** more practical business men in our legislative halls, as well as upon our farms—men of sound judgment and independent bearing—and who, though they do not talk as much, as professionals and *act as* correctly and as promptly, as professional talkers; and who knowing best the true interests of the mass of our population, are likely to do the least injury, if they do not do the most good.

**We want** a more extended circulation of agricultural periodicals—because they disseminate useful knowledge, stimulate industry, call into action latent genius, awaken laudable competition, induce general improvement, bring into exercise the noblest feelings of our nature, and inculcate good.

**We want** to have inculcated and taught, by precept and example, in our public halls, in our social circles, and in our schools, high and low, the great moral and political duty, of identifying our individual with the public interests, and of considering the one as in a great measure inseparable from the other.

**On our own Farms.**—**We want** more systematic employment for our females, that they may be more robust and more serviceable to posterity—more contentment with our rural employments—a greater desire to increase our knowledge, to improve our practice, and to bring our sons up in the way they should go—as independent tillers of the soil.

**We want** more attention paid to augment our manufactures, the food of our farm crops, that our lands instead of growing poorer every year, may increase fertility, in products and in profits.

**We want** to understand, better than we do, the principles and practice of draining, that much of our best land, now unproductive and poisonous, may be rendered productive, profitable and healthy.

**We want** to extend the culture of roots and clover, as tending to perpetuate fertility, fatten cattle, furnish manure, and fill the granary.

**We want** the conviction that we can improve, the determination that we will improve, and we shall then become conscious that we have improved, in the management of our farms.

From the Central New York Farmer.

#### Caterpillars and Lice on Fruit Trees.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In passing through several towns in Oneida county last year, I was very much surprised at the very great depredations committed by the caterpillar on every orchard and fruit tree which I passed. Since that time, in examining a volume of old Almanacks, from which I intend to make some extracts, I found two receipts for the destruction of the caterpillar, which I send you for the benefit of those who may have occasion to try them.

The writer, in speaking from his own experience, says, as for the caterpillar, I never suffer them to remain on any tree

many disasters, which daily take place in families and amongst individuals. But the farmer possesses many advantages which these persons are apt to underrate. And first, his moral honesty is not so hardly tried as it would be in many other kinds of business; and consequently, "defalcation" is not often charged upon him. Again, he has no knowledge of that competition which exists between those of other trades and professions; so that when he retires from his labor, he is free from those inward rankings which often harrow up the minds of persons engaged in trade. Nor is he in that danger of losing his property by casualties—fire, the winds and waves, and the depredations of dishonest men; and as he raises those articles upon his farm that are most necessary for his comfort, and which have always been considered cash articles in the market, he is not so liable to be put to his wits' end to procure money to purchase the necessities of life.

It has been objected that farming is a laborious and dirty employment; but is there not hard and dirty work in the shop of the blacksmith? and do not the carpenter and mason encounter both in the repairs of old buildings, &c.? and are the grocer, the warehouseman, the harness-maker, and the shoe-maker exempt?

Another objection to farming is, it is a slow way to get money. True, there are shorter ways to make money, but it very often happens that those who accumulate property the quickest, cannot produce such a title to their wealth will procure satisfaction and quiet conscience. Multitudes, deluded by the deceptive allurements of trade, have entered into ruinous speculations, to the destruction of their own prospects and the peace and happiness of their families; stamping lasting blight upon their characters and future welfare, and all to gratify an insatiable appetite to make money quickly—overlooking the fact, that generally, the fortunes that have been made the most suddenly, are the most suddenly dissipated, and that those who enjoy the privilege of making money fast, have often paid dearly for it, both in their persons and characters, and are made to exclaim, "all is not gold that glitters." Few know or consider, the personal *assiduity*, the economy, the self-denial and perseverance which are necessary to secure success in trade; there is no occupation exempt from its peculiar evils and trials: the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman have their full share, of which the farmer is little aware; and if he could comprehend all the difficulties and unpleasant occurrences which even these are continually liable to encounter, he would rejoice at his lot, rather than envy that of others, be thankful that his "lines have fallen to him in such pleasant places," and grateful for his "goodly herbage."

[Farmer's Cabinet.]

**Farm Accounts.**—What would be thought of a merchant, who did not keep a set of books, and who at the end of the year could not tell whether a certain branch of his business had been productive or not? And why is not a farmer as much interested in the result of his operations as a merchant? The pettiest shopkeeper must have a clerk to keep his books with double entries, and yet the most extensive farmer, operating with thousands, keeps no record of his proceedings. The manufacturer opens an account with each department of his business, charging it with the stock employed, the expenses incurred, and crediting it with its products. At the end of the year, he sees at a glance whether it has been productive or not, and conclude to lay it off, or to extend it. So should the farmer open an account with every crop he cultivates; charge it with the outlay and credit it with the proceeds. At the end of the year he should take another account of the stock on hand, and he will see at once how he stands on the year's operation. There is no difficulty about the matter—and extracts from a farmer's book well kept, would form the most valuable contributions to an agricultural paper.

[Southern Planter.]

## MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, nor, as a class, indolent. \* \* \* The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

\* "Papers on iron and steel" by David Musket."

### Philosophy in Sport.

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER X.

Miss Kitty Ryland's adventures in London.—A scene between A. B. and X. Z.—The spinster's extreme disappointment and chagrin.—The swing.—The doctrine of oscillation.—Galileo's discovery.—The pendulum.—A controversy between the vicar and the major.—Major Snapwell purchases Osterley Park.

As a week has now nearly elapsed, since the departure of Miss Kitty Ryland, the reader will doubtless be anxious to obtain some information respecting the plan and success of her operations; we will, therefore, by the aid of a little talismanic wand, with which Mother Goose has happily furnished every author, transport him, at once, to Bond Street, without the otherwise essential machinery of locomotion. We shall find our heroine snugly lodged in the little back parlour of Mrs. Tenterhook, the widow and successor of a fashionable glover, in whose house, it may be remembered, Miss Kitty thought it probable that she might have formerly seen the nephew of Major Snapwell; for, to use her own expression, her friend was "hand and glove" with all the beauties of Bond Street.

The morning after her arrival, she carefully composed a letter, with the signature A. B., and appointed an interview with X. Z. on the following day at one o'clock.

Miss Kitty had informed Mrs. Tenterhook that she adopted the signature A. B., for very particular reasons, but as she never dropped a hint as to the object of the proposed interview, it cannot be supposed that she imparted the nature of those reasons, which had influenced her in so important a decision. The reader is, therefore, abandoned to his own conjectures; but, as we are always willing to assist his judgment on questions of difficulty, we shall, without hesitation, state it as our firm conviction, that one of the following motives had actuated her upon this occasion.

She was, as the reader will probably remember, rather inclined to a superstitious belief in ominous words and things; she has, for instance,

been known to be in a state of despondency for a week together, from throwing down the salt, or accidentally putting on the left before the right shoe.

With this knowledge of her character, and having frequently heard her repeat the popular saying, that "extremes are sure to come together," we cannot help thinking that the initials A. B. were selected on this very account, as being in opposition to the letters X. Z.; although some of our fair readers may probably prefer the more poetical explanation which we shall, in the next place, suggest for their consideration, viz. whether the aforesaid initials might not have been preferred as being most remote from X. Z., and therefore beautifully expressive of that maiden reserve, which the delicacy of her situation rendered so particularly decorous.

**Steam Boilers.** Messrs. Franklin Muzzy & Co., Franklin Street, and Messrs. Hinckley & Egery, Harlow Street, are, at the present time, making these articles, and we understand they can furnish boilers which will compare in strength, and excellence of workmanship, with any in the country.

**Steam Engines.** Messrs. Muzzy & Co. also manufacture steam engines. They have one in use in their establishment with a horizontal piston, which was made by them. It is quite worth one's while to give it an examination.

**Chain Cables.** Messrs. Bailey & Prim, on Wall Street, have gone into the manufacture of chain cables, mill-chains, &c. Their work is said to equal to any in New England. They furnished a cable for the new barge *Herschell*, which an officer of that vessel told us was as good as any he had seen. They have since completed a mill-chain for the Frankfort Steam-Mill, which has the appearance of being well made.

**Looking Glass and Picture Frames.**—Messrs. Fairbanks & Holland, at the Pearson & Drummond Mills, have commenced the manufacture of these articles, for which there is a much larger demand than we were aware. They say, that if they could have half the trade of this State, they could do an excellent business. They kept five men constantly employed in making them, and can sell for half the price at which they are usually afforded. [Bangor Gazette.]

**Ingenuity of a Glass Blower.**—The Emperor wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style; the size of the round lamps was indi-

cated, and the glasses bespoken at this manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain, and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired magnitude. The commission must be expected, that was self-evident; but how? A great premium was offered to whoever should solve this problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed; their object seemed unattainable; when at length a long-bearded Russian stepped forward, and declared that he could do it; he had some strong and sound lungs; he would only rinse his mouth first with a little cold water to refresh them. He applied his mouth to the pipe, and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous fall swelled and swelled to nearly the required dimensions, up to it, beyond it. "Hold, hold," cried the lookers on, "you are doing too much, and how do you do it at all?" "The matter is simple enough, answered the long beard; "but first, where is my premium?" And when he had eluched the promised bounty, he explained. He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball, and there becoming steam, had rendered him this good service. [Kou's Russia.

### IRON.

Musket's theory (which is sustained by many experiments) in regard to the amount of carbon in various kinds of cast iron is as follows. That No. 1 (the softest quality) pig iron contains the greatest quantity of carbon, and No. 3 (the hardest quality) the least. Whereas Dr. Ure in his "Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures" states upon the authority of Karsten, the celebrated German chemist, and with whom in this opinion he concides, that No. 1 pig iron has the least, and No. 3 the most carbon. As will be observed the one is a direct contradiction of the other. The question immediately arises which of the two theories is most to be relied upon? I incline to that of the former (Musket) and for these reasons, first, In the decarbonizing of cast iron, i.e., the converting it into wrought or malleable iron, by the puddling process, it is found that the No. 3 is much more readily brought to "nature," which is the depriving it of its carbon, than the No. 1. Now as this process is the extracting of the carbon which the iron has imbibed during its reduction from the ore, the inference is plain, that the iron which has the least carbon is the most easily decarbonized, and best adapted, *ceteris paribus*, for this purpose.

Secondly, When No. 1 pig iron is melted and poured thin upon a large surface, thus exposing a great portion of its particles to the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, it becomes in a measure, decarbonized and approaches to the quality of No. 3. Thirdly, In the melting of No. 3 pig iron in the air furnace, which process is similar to that pursued in the first stages of puddling, I have found that, by reason of the furnace not having been properly charged, or a good that not having been obtained, the surface of the iron, from its long exposure to the oxygen of the atmosphere, becomes decarbonized and in a measure malleable, and is thus prevented from melting. This never occurs in melting No. 1 pig iron by the same process, as its greater amount of carbon causes it to melt with greater facility, and prevents its surface from being converted into the malice.

"I beg the worthy gentleman ten thousand pardons; but the mistake is entirely your fault, Becky; such disgusting stupidity and ignorance I never before met with; why, don't you know your letters, child? He inquired for A. B., and you, forsight, must pronounce it, as though it had been little a, with a bouncing B."

"I am sure I never said no such thing, as a bouncing B; but I know what I know; and that some folk are very stupidous, when other folks call upon them."

"Silence, thou impudent slut—silence—and come in and shut the door; would you expose your vulgarity and ignorance to all the fashionables of Bond Street? Shut the door, I say. Now tell me, Becky," continued Miss Kitty, in a greatly subdued tone, "what sort of a looking person is this Mr. X. Z.?"

"Why, as to that, he's well enough I suppose; a little crooked, and oddish or so."

"How old?" cried the impatient spinster, forty? —five-and-forty? —fifty? —why, he surely he is not above fifty, girl!"

"Well, who said he was? but I can't tell, and that's the truth on't; the shop is so plaguy dark, there's no seeing what's what."

"Well, Becky, where is the gentleman?"

"Why, where should he be, but in the shop. He said that how he wanted a pair of gloves, and that, while I let you know, he would fit them."

"White kid, I'll warrant it," said Miss Kitty.

"No, ma'am, that they won't; for I heard him say, with my own ears, 'black silk, if you please.'"

"What refined delicacy! what charming sensibility!" mentally ejaculated Miss Kitty; and what a clever expedient, thought she, to disguise the object of our interview. Thus it is even with the human mind, when possessed by any one predominant idea; it distorts every object to suit its own peculiar bias; and whether it be black, or whether it be white, it soon discovers that it is by far the most appropriate of all the hues that could be imparted to it."

"Well, Becky," said the spinster, "show the gentleman in—but stop a moment—not yet—presently, Becky—give me my smelling-bottle; and do, pray, my good girl, pour me out a cupful of mint julep, for a very strange faintness has come over me. There—there—now you may go; and say that A. B. will be most happy to receive X. Z."

The interval between the departure of the servant-maid, and the entrance of the stranger, could not have exceeded five seconds in duration; and yet, so industrious is human thought, that in this brief moment, what brilliant scenes did it conjure up, what schemes of happiness, and what arrangements for future action!

The door opened, and the stentorian voice of Becky boomed forth, "X. Z., if you please, ma'am."

Miss Kitty instinctively retreated to the farther end of the diminutive apartment, and the stranger pausing at the door left ample room between them for the insertion of all the intermediate letters from A. to Z.; provided, indeed, that they had not exceeded in size the usual proportion of a child's alphabet.

X. Z., for by those initials is he only yet known to the reader, was diminutive in stature, and his lower extremities having received an unfortunate bias in the nursery, might be said, like the feet of the curvile chairs, to resemble the X, which he had chosen as his first representative letter; while his whole person, during the operation of an obsequious bow, with which he greeted our heroine, described a zigzag, not unlike his second initial, or the concluding letter of the alphabet. His head had been liberally powdered, but the rebellious colour of his hair still blazed from beneath the surface, and imparted a tinge which might be compared to that of the red snow described by Captain Ross in his Voyage of Discovery. Nor was his countenance, perhaps, exactly that which Miss Kitty's imagination had depicted; but she had so often declared, that where the gem was of the first water it signified little whether it were set in gold or pinch-back, that we do not, for a single moment, believe the first

view of his person made the least unfavorable impression. Such, however, as the stranger was, we are bound to describe him, and the reader shall accordingly receive as faithful a portrait as we are capable of producing. His features, like the fictions of a distracted city, appeared as if mutually distrustful and suspicious of each other; his mouth nearly extended from ear to ear, and whenever its capacious portals opened, it was really ludicrous to observe with what haste, and considering its size, with what agility, the nose retreated upwards, as if terrified by the dingy sentinels that grinned within the threshold; nor did his large grey eyes display a greater share of confidence, for they seemed as though straining themselves from their very sockets, in order to keep a good lookout, and awe, if necessary, the herald tongue into silence.

"I believe," said the gentleman, "I have the honour of addressing A. B." his eyes displaying, as he spoke, such an obliquity, as to render it doubtful whether they were directed to Miss Kitty, or to the silver buckles which decorated his shoes.

"And you are, doubtless, X. Z.," replied the lady.

"The same, madam; if it therefore meets your wishes, we will, without ceremony, proceed to the immediate object of our interview."

Miss Kitty dropped a low courtesy; and the gentleman offering her a chair, upon which she immediately deposited herself, took his seat at a respectful distance.

"Before I proceed to the consideration of those views which I have long entertained upon the subject in question, allow me, dear madam, to apologize for the apparently singular, and, in some respects, objectionable channel of communication which I have been induced to adopt."

"If you allude to the advertisement, say no more upon that subject; as to apology, it is out of the question; nothing like humiliation should take place between persons who are mutually interested in each other's good opinion."

"I doubt it not, sir; your open and candid avowal is a sufficient guarantee for your honorable motives."

"I hate profusions, madam, but thus much, as we are strangers, I may be allowed to state, that in all our transactions, every consideration will be given to you own advantage and security."

"Nay, dear sir, I should despise myself for accepting any benefit of which you were not an equal partner."

"I thank you for your liberality. Some little reward it is of course natural for me to expect; but as to an equal participation in the benefit, that is really quite out of the question. My success, as a solicitor, has enabled me to scrape together somewhere between forty and fifty thousand pounds, so you will readily perceive, that my object cannot be entirely selfish. Poverty may, perhaps, be pleaded in extenuation of certain actions, which cannot admit of any palliation in the wealthy."

This declaration produced a most extraordinary influence upon Miss Kitty; if she had before been condescending and pliant, she now became obsequious.

"Name your own terms, and I am sure I shall be happy to comply with them; for my fortune, dearest sir, is extremely limited. I have an income of about three hundred a year arising from stock in the three per cent."

"Well, madam, and let me tell you, that a very pretty little property it is, and I have no doubt, but we shall be able to make it yield at least three times that interest in a very short time. I propose to apply the principal for the benefit of children, in whose welfare I take great interest."

"Future children," said Miss Kitty, with a smile; "I can have no objection."

"No, no, madam; for children, poor things, who are much distressed on account of the state of certain property that is at present not available; but the security is unexceptionable. I have, only this morning," continued the gentleman, "seen a lady upon the very subject for which we have now met; and I believe the affair is settled; she appears quite willing."

"My dear sir, but surely—surely you would not—you would not—I have no objection, I am most willing to accede to your proposition."

"I rejoice to hear it for your sake, but there can be no objection to my immediately concluding a similar arrangement with the lady to whom I allude."

"What two at once?"

"Two at once; why, bless me, madam, it is my object to gain the consent of thirty, if possible."

"Of thirty!!!—oh the Turk—the deceiver!" ejaculated Miss Kitty, as she fell back in her chair, so violently agitated as to alarm her companion.

"Why, my dear madam—my dear madam—good gracious, she is in hysterics—what am I to do? Here, Betty, Betty—help! help!"

"La! la! what can the matter be?" cried Becky, as she popped in her head at the door. "Grace defend us! why is Miss Ryland here in the sterricks?"

So saying, the humane girl rushed towards the affected damsel, and by the flapping of her duster raised wind that would have worked a mill; but unluckily for Miss Kitty's face, not only the air, but the dust, was set in motion by the operation, and the pallor of her countenance was exchanged for the hue of soot.

The bustle soon brought farther assistance; Mrs. Tenterhook, followed by two of her customers, besides the shop-boy, entered the apartment. There was an immediate and simultaneous cry for fresh air.

"Open the window," exclaimed a stout gentleman, as he raised his hand, which had the moment before been invested by a new beaver glove, but which, in the hurry of the moment, had not been separated from its dangling partner; "open the window, or, by all the saints in the calendar, we shall suffer the fate of the prisoners in the black hole. See, see, the poor lady is quite black in the face."

Miss Kitty, however, by the aid of her mint julep, and sundry sniffs at her blue smelling-bottle, had, by this time, nearly recovered; and, having thanked her kind friends for their prompt assistance, she relieved their anxiety, and averted an impending torrent of questions, by assuring them that it was one of those attacks to which she was always subject.

Miss Kitty's imagination had depicted; but she had so often declared, that where the gem was of the first water it signified little whether it were set in gold or pinch-back, that we do not, for a single moment, believe the first

you how it would be, if you persevered in cataloguing them black-puddings, without vinegar, for supper; besides the punch—three large tummers!"

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### List of New Publications.

The American Rail Road Journal for July has come to hand. The present managers, Messrs. Schaeffer and Nixon, determined to extend the usefulness of this work, have reduced the size of the type on which it is printed, so as to furnish three fourths as much matter as formerly in half the number of pages, and simultaneously reduced the price to \$2 per annum. It is desirable that it should circulate widely, for its influence in the cause of internal improvements by individual (not government) enterprise is of a kindred character with that which makes two blades of grass grow where one only has before found nutrient. We will cheerfully forward subscriptions for this work, from our office.

The LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, for June, conducted by members of the established Church, has been received from the American republication office of Joseph Masons, New York City. This is one of the best standard publications, of a religious order, to be found in the world, apart from all considerations of its peculiar tenets. It appears in monthly numbers of 64 pages, at \$2 per annum.

The FOREIGN CULTIVATOR, No. 4,

London Chartists and Feagles O'Connor, who tendered their services to them.

All idea of her Majesty's visit to Ireland is for the present abandoned.

The Austrian Government has concluded a loan with M. de Rothschild of 50,000,000, to be applied to the construction of railroads.

Liverpool, June 17th.—British Parliament. The Parliamentary session is drawing to a close. No new measure will be introduced, and the study now to accelerate those before the House. Several important bills are in a state of abeyance, and must either be withdrawn or passed in a very hurried and imperfect manner. With the exception of the Factorial Bill, which has raised such a storm of opposition, no comprehensive measure has been introduced worthy of the name. A failing revenue, a declining trade, mutiny amongst his supporters, a powerful free-trade opposition, every day increasing in numbers and importance, Scotland torn to pieces by religious dissensions, which it attributes to the Government, Ireland on the verge of insurrection, convulsed from one extremity to the other—these are the accumulated difficulties which beset the Minister at the close of his second parliamentary session.

*Importation of American Manufactured Cotton Goods.*—In the London public sales, declared for next week, there is the unusual important item of 400 bales American manufactured cotton goods, to be sold for home consumption or importation. This is altogether a new feature in our trade, and not to be overlooked by our manufacturers, as we understand that several parcels of similar goods are near hand, and will be brought forward in the same manner.

*Ireland.*—The agitation still continues, but no general act of violence had been committed either by the repealers or the Government. A new feature had presented itself, however, in the form of anti-repeal meetings. One of these was held at Dublin on the 14th ult.

Mr. O'Connell, meantime, was assembling and addressing great gatherings of the people at Malmo.

His movements embarrass and perplex the Government. He preaches peace and obedience to the law; but his language and his allusions are calculated to outrage both. He still threatens to repeat force by any unconstitutional interference is made with his peaceful agitation. He has alarmed the powers that be, and they have taken every precaution to meet armed resistance by pouring troops into the country, and organizing them at every point.

In the meantime, rumors are rife of dissension in the Cabinet. One portion is said to be in favor of the Premier, adverse to it; Ireland, at the present moment, is like a powder magazine—a spark would cause it to explode. The great agitator rides in Philadelphia on Thursday, for assaulting with unmitigated violence the poor women who are unfortunate enough to be allied to the monsters. If we believe the accounts, this species of brutality is not confined to the ignorant and degraded classes of society, but is practiced by those who profess to be gentlemen. Just set it down as a truth to be remembered and acted upon, that he who raises his hand to a woman, no matter how great the provocation, is a villain unfit to wear the human form, deserving only the society of beasts. [Boston Bee.]

*Hatching Apparatus.*—They have a machine for hatching eggs now actually in use in London, bringing out the little chickens in broods of fifties and hundreds, with all the punctuality of an old hen. The following is the advertisement of the machine, as we find it in the London papers of the 2d inst., which we insert gratis, just for the sake of spreading a knowledge of the new invention:—

*Hatching Apparatus!*—Reduced prices (from Eight to Sixteen Guineas)—Messrs. Todd & Son, of Bury St., Bloomsbury, beg to call the attention of the public to their portable patent Hatching and Rearing Apparatus, being the original manufacturers. This successful invention is capable of hatching, at a trifling expense, any number of game and poultry eggs of all sorts, from 50 to 200, at one time, and possesses the further recommendation of rearing the young birds at all seasons, and of furnishing poultry for the table at a trifling cost at all periods of the year. For further particulars apply to the manufacturers. A machine may be seen in use daily.

*Exploit of a Provincetown Whaler.*—The schooner, Captain Ebenezer Cook of Provincetown, a few days since, when 20 hours out on a whaling cruise, Nantucket bearing W. by N. 35 miles, captured a very large right whale, and after saving 120 barrels of oil and \$100 worth of bone, cut adrift and sailed for home, accomplishing a very short but profitable voyage, having been absent but four days! This whale is the largest that has ever been caught from Provincetown, and is supposed to be the largest ever seen upon our coast. [Boston Adv.]

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*An Eventful Man.*—The Dover (N. H.) Gazette says—"Something new comes to us every day. At Cincinnati, they have commenced the manufacture of the printing and separating grain. His machine was invented in 1835 and his Letters Patent were dated July 1836, and probably the first of the kind on record at the Patent Office. The principles of the machine have been thoroughly tested and the long experiments which Mr. Whitman had in the manufacture of such machinery, make me certain that the public will be faithfully served in this respect. I have authorized Mr. Whitman to make said machines and to sell the same with rights; I also manufacture and keep them for sale at my residence in Buckfield, Oxford Co. Those who are desirous of purchasing are invited to call at either of the above named places and examine for themselves. Terms liberal."

*Caption to the public.*—As I am the first patentee of the Separator, and as I consider all others now in use as infringements upon my invention, I would caution all persons against making, vending, purchasing or using Pitt's Patent or any other Separator, as I shall vindicate my rights. AARON PARSONS.

Buckfield, July 4, 1843.

*Grimes' Smut Machines.*—The subscriber continues the manufacture of these Machines, at the Machine Shop of L. G. JOHNSON, in Augusta. He has sold, within the last twelve months, one hundred, all of which have given perfect satisfaction. Persons desirous of testing the utility and power of these Machines may take them on trial, and return them if dissatisfied.

A Correspondent of the Age Speaks of these Machines as follows:

"Mr. EDITOR:—Among the thousand and one patent machines offered for sale at the present day, there is one to which my attention has been called, which is not humbug; I allude to 'Grimes' Patent Smut Machine.' Having one of these Machines in my own shop, I speak advisedly, when I say, that it is perfectly fit, it is a perfect cure for smutty grain. It contains all the qualities of the most important construction, durability of material, and compactness of form. One of these Machines is now in operation at Mr. Bridge's grist mill, in Augusta, where gentlemen desirous would do well to call, and satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the above facts. So thinks a MECHANIC." Apply to L. G. JOHNSON, AUGUSTA, LAMBARD, or the subscriber.

*Mutiny.*—By a letter from the second mate of the ship Hope, of New Bedford, it appears that a mutiny has occurred on board the whale ship Sharon, of Fairhaven. She had lost eleven of her men at Ocean and Ascension Islands, and supplied their places with natives. Some days after, the boats were sent in pursuit of whales, when a mutiny broke out among the natives, who murdered the captain. The boats returned, but the crews were prevented by the natives from boarding. The ship, in the mean-time had got before the wind and sailed so rapidly that it was with difficulty the boats could keep up. At length, by the good management of the mate, and a boy aloft in cutting away the haulards of the topsails, &c., her speed was checked. The boats then came up, and the crews swam to the vessel and climbed into the cabin windows. A severe contest then ensued, in which one of the natives was shot. The mutiny was quelled, and the Sharon sailed for Sydney, where she arrived last January.

*Death of Captain Cleaveland.*—It is with regret we learn that Capt. Josiah Cleaveland of Oswego, Ulster county, N. Y., who traveled a distance of 450 miles to be present at the Bunker Hill celebration on the Seventeenth, died on Saturday morning last, where he had for several days been hospitably entertained, receiving every attention which could contribute to his comfort.

This worthy and respected Revolutionary patriot was in the ninetieth year of his age. He was a native of Connecticut—and a volunteer at the Battle of Bunker-Hill. The first man who was killed in that action, received his wound from a cannon ball, fired from the Glasgow, while he was reclining on the green sward at the side of Cleaveland. The departed hero was in active service during the whole of the war, and bore a part in many of the principal battles which were fought. At the close of the war he held the commission of captain.—Mer. Jour.

*Curious Circumstance.*—A dog died in this city on Saturday last, who had been lingering for some time, and who had such peculiar symptoms that his owner determined to ascertain; if possible, the cause of his death. On cutting him open, a snake was discovered in the stomach, about 24 inches in length, alive and active, whose appearance denoted that he was a real "blood sucker."—Raleigh Register.

*Heavy.*—The trials of Thornt and Mrs. Wilson have cast the County and State about fourteen hundred and seventy dollars!

*Effed of Pride.*—It is stated that in the parish of Euford, Cornwall, there are now living a man and his wife who have not spoken for eight years. They often go to work together, sleep in one bed, take their meals at the same table, and show not the slightest anger towards each other. The only reason to be assigned for their obstinate and protracted silence is that each is too proud to speak first.

J. G. Birney declines being the abolition candidate for the Presidency at the coming election.

*Snow.*—Dr. Smith, of Haverhill, who has just returned from a visit to the White Mountains, says that the snow is now quite deep in the valleys along the mountains.

There is now no doubt that the U. S. schooner Grampus, with all on board has gone to the bottom.

*Death of Brigadier General Eustis.*—The Portland American of Wednesday of last week, announces the death of Brig. Gen. Eustis, in that city, as follows:

"It becomes our melancholy duty to announce the death of Brig. Gen. Abraham Eustis, of the United States Army, commander of this (6th) Military Department. He departed this life yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, at his lodgings, the Elm Hotel, in this city, aged 57 years. He arrived here on Thursday last, from Charleston, S. C., somewhat out of health, but on Friday he was about attending to his official duties. Since that time he has been gradually but rapidly sinking, until his death. He died as a soldier should die, and according to his expressed wish, *at his post*, and in the performance of his official duties. The funeral ceremony will take place this forenoon."

He was buried with military honors.

The Richmond Compiler says—Harvest has commenced, upon the river below, upon several plantations. The crops are said to be unusually good. One of the most extensive wheat growers says he never had such a fine crop of wheat before. The crop in this region is first rate.

Horses should never stand long on a dry plank floor. Their fore feet, particularly, should rest on something more pliable. Some who object to loan and to barter, keep a trough of water and require the horse to stand in it for hours. By travelling fast on hard roads a fever is created in the fore feet, and road horses are ten times more subject to it than farm horses. When a horse has travelled all day on a hard road, it is cruel to make him stand all night on a hard floor. [Mass. Ploughman.]

*Sliding scale.*—A western editor gives the following unique notice to newly married couples: It is a perfect sliding scale:

"All notices of marriages where no bride cake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked in some outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be placed conspicuously in large letters; but when gloves, or rather bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony in *propria persona*, and kisses the bride, it will have a special notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or combed from the brain editorial."

*Whipping Wives.*—We notice by our exchanges that it is getting to be fashionable for men to whip their wives. Three scoundrels were arrested in Philadelphia on Thursday, for assaulting with unmitigated violence the poor women who are unfortunate enough to be allied to the monsters. If we believe the accounts, this species of brutality is not confined to the ignorant and degraded classes of society, but is practiced by those who profess to be gentlemen. Just set it down as a truth to be remembered and acted upon, that he who raises his hand to a woman, no matter how great the provocation, is a villain unfit to wear the human form, deserving only the society of beasts. [Boston Bee.]

The dress of the bride of the Earl of Leicester, recently married, is thus described: "She was attired in an elegant white satin dress, covered with muslin, trimmed with flounces of Brussels lace, and looped up with bouquets of orange blossom and white satin knots, and wore a beautiful wreath of orange blossom."

There is a burial ground in London which contains under one acre of surface 60,000 corpses; and a school where the children, for six hours, sit over a door where 13,000 dead bodies are festering. It is ascertained that 50,000 corpses are annually interred in this metropolis.

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## POETRY.

### THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"There's wisdom in the grass, its teachings would we heed."

There knelt beneath the tulip tree,  
A maiden fair and young;  
The flowers o'erhead bloom'd gorgeously,  
As though by rainbows flung,  
And all around were daisies bright,  
And pansies with their eyes of light—  
Like gold and sun-kissed crocus shone,  
With beauty's smiles the earth seemed strown,  
And love's warm incense fill'd the air,  
While the fair girl was kneeling there.

In vain the flowers may woo around,—  
Their charms she doth not see,  
For she a dearer prize hath found  
Beneath the tulip tree—

A little four-leaved clover, green  
As robes that grace the fairy queen,  
And fresh as hopes of early youth,  
When life is love, and love is truth;  
—A talisman of constant love,  
This humble clover sure will prove!

And on her heart, that gentle maid,  
The severed leaves hath press'd,  
Which through the coming night's dark shade,  
Beneath her cheek will rest;

Then precious dreams of *on* will rise,  
Like love's own star in morning skies,  
So sweetly bright, we could the day  
His glowing chariot might delay;—  
When tones of pure and tender thought,  
Those simple leaves to her have taught!

Of old, the sacred mistletoe  
The Druid's altar bound;

The Roman hero's haughty bough  
The fateful laurel crown'd—

Dark superstition's sway is past,  
And war's red star is waning fast,

Nor mistletoe, nor laurel hold

The mystic language breathed of old;  
For nature's life no power can give,

To bid the false and selfish live.

But still the olive leaf imports,

As when, dove-borne, at first,  
It taught heaven's love to human hearts,

Its hope, and joy, and trust;

Nor deem the faith from folly springs,

Which innocent enjoyment brings—

Better from earth root every flower.

Than crush imagination's power,

In true and loving minds to raise

An Eden for their coming days.

As on each rock, where plants can cling,

The sunshine will be shed;

As from the tiniest starlit spring,

The ocean's depths are fed:

Thus hopes will rise, if love's clear ray

Keep warm and bright life's rock-strewn way;

And from small, daily joys, distill'd,

The heart's deep fount of peace be fill'd—

Oh, happy they in whom are blest!

The soul of faith with pure intent!

*Lady's Book for July.*

### I MET HIM IN THE CROWD TO-NIGHT.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I met him in the crowd to-night—

They told me I would meet him there;

My lip was gay, mine eyes were bright;

As if I knew no thought of care;

I touched his hand amid the dance

And passed him as a stranger by,

Trembled 'neath his searching glance

And changed to smiles a ringing sigh.

It was a weary part to play,

Yet I deceived the thoughtless throng,

I mingled with the fair and gay,

I breathed the blithest jest and song,

My seeming mirth the crowd beguiled,

And he exchanged my words to hear,

But only laughed with others smiled—

He did not think my joy sincere.

For when I chanced to meet his gaze,

There was a softness in his eye

That spoke to me of other days

And woke a dream of memory;

A look, half sadness half regret,

That probed the weakness of my breast,

Though brief the space our glances met,

Within that space the truth he guessed.

I turned with clouded brow aside,

He had no right my soul to see,

When near him stood his lovely bride,

His chosen when his choice was free;

Yet her that I had deemed so blest

Won not his fickle worship now,

Soon wearied of a love possess

He thought not of his plighted vow.

And when I saw he strove to wake

In me a feeling of the past,

I scorned him for my rival's sake

And from my soul his image cast;

The long long night in lonely tears

Fled from me like a dream of pain,

My heart may mourn o'er wasted years,

But never beat for him again.

Our eyes in parting met once more,

My pale cheek caught no deeper shade,

Mine eyes no hidden sorrow wore,

Nor pensive tenderness betrayed;

What bitter pain it seemed to me

When first again he met my sight,

Now, but my heart, though cold, is free,

Free'd with the gaze I met to-night.

*Graham's Magazine for July.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### The Fatal Word.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

'There is nothing I so despise as duplicity, To my mind a woman who could be guilty of it is unworthy of being loved.'

'You are too severe,' said ELLEN in reply to the speaker, 'and exact more from our sex than you demand from your own. Is this just?'

'I admit the truth of what you say; for though I cannot trust a man who is guilty of falsehood, I loathe and abhor a woman habitually given to duplicity. We look for more purity in your sex than in our own, and that love only ought to be favored by you which regards you in this exalted light. No true man but chafes at the chains which bind him to the grosser things of earth, and has longings for something better and holier; and love in its purity—for all love is not pure—steps in here to lift us heavenward, by affording us companionship with a being of finer sympathies, and of more heavenly impulses than ourselves. With what loathing then does it fill me to find her deceitful; for of all the virtues truth is, in my eyes, the highest. Let a man or woman be incapable of a falsehood, and she is incapable of continued guilt.'

Ellen was silent, for she had begun the conversation in jest, and she felt that the speaker uttered the truth. She continued silently at her work, and in a few minutes Robert left the parlor and went out. Not until the front door had closed on him did she look up, and then her eyes met those of her cousin, the only other occupant of the room, who was sitting at the opposite side of the work table. The face of the latter was flushed, and her lips parted as if in partial

terror. She clasped her hands and exclaimed, 'Oh! if Robert knew it,' and then burst into tears.

Emily rose up, went around the table, and encircling her friend with her arm, said soothingly,

'But he never will discover it, dear Lucy; so don't fret. It was only once you did it, and then it couldn't be helped.'

'But if he should find it out,' sobbed Lucy, 'oh! how I wish I had never told him that untruth. Don't you think,' she continued, looking up earnestly through her tears, 'that he has heard of it?' He scarcely said 'good bye' when we went.'

'No—no!' quickly retorted Ellen, 'calm yourself, dear Lucy, or, when he returns, he will see you have been crying. No one could have told him. Besides, even if he knew, he might not be angry, at least not very angry, for you know he spoke of habitual duplicity, and of that, my dear, no enemy, even if you had one, could charge you with being guilty.'

'But I wish I had told him the truth at once; and I will never deceive him again,' said Lucy, drying her tears.

Lucy was betrothed to Robert Emerson, and in many respects was fully worthy of his love. But she had one fault—vanity. Fond of dress, fond of amusement, fond of admiration, and fond of display, she was often led into follies, for the gratification of her vanity, which, in her after moments, she bitterly repented. Robert was not ignorant of her failing, but he knew she had a good heart, and he trusted in time to cure her of her foible.

To Lucy, perhaps, death would have been as welcome as life; for what had she to live for, now that all her fond hopes of happiness were destroyed? Thus she thought, in the first week of her convalescence. All expectation of her lover's return was now given over, for immediately on his quarrel with Lucy, he had departed for Washington, and accepted the office of private secretary to his uncle, the then minister of St. Petersburg, a post which he had refused only a week before. In three days afterwards he had sailed. But, though the blow fell with stunning effect on Lucy, she gradually recovered from it. We are not writing a fiction, but telling a story of real life. Lucy was saved from a broken heart and early grave, apparently by a miracle; but those who read more closely the human soul will attribute her recovery to the sympathy of her friends, and the consolations of religion. For a great change had come over her. She was no more the Lucy of other days. Meeker and kinder, and therefore better and more beautiful, she shed around her an influence like that which the dew of heaven impart to the panting earth. To the poor she was the kindest of benefactresses, and to those in misfortune the sweetest of sympathizers, for she had felt sorrow herself. All loved her, as they would have loved an angel, sent down on earth to do good.

When about eighteen months after the fatal interview with her lover, Lucy heard of his marriage to an English lady of rank, whose father was the British envoy at St. Petersburg, the poor girl had to conquer the last lingering hope of a reconciliation, if indeed such a thought had lurked in her bosom. For two or three days she was much alone, and if she felt her resolution failing, she sought and found consolation from on high. From the fiery furnace of trial she came out purified; and every one said how gentle and loving Lucy had grown. Her very voice had caught a different accent, and in its low, sweet music the listener often fancied he heard a melody not of earth.

Time has a tireless wing, and like the angel of the Apoclypse, flies forward ceaselessly. But how few remember that every wave of that wing sweeps a moment into infinity—or how many, not unmindful of it, care to have that moment carry with it a good report. Alas! by thus trifling with the moments we waste whole lives; and rare are those who mark each departing hour with a good deed. But Lucy had striven to do this, and thus occupied with benevolent acts, the years that passed seemed scarcely to leave a footprint on her face; and when ten summers had elapsed, her fair brow was almost as sunny as in her earlier youth.

Ten years had passed when, one evening, as Lucy entered the church to which she was in the habit of resorting, she saw a gentleman before her, advancing up the aisle, whose figure was not unfamiliar to her. He took a seat directly behind her own. When the congregation was dismissed, and she had left her pew, the stranger addressed her, and she recognized his voice as that of her early lover. Her bosom thrilled at those deep tones, and she felt sick and faint. But other feelings soon came to her aid. She had often, of late years, calmly reviewed the events of that morning, and she could not but feel that, however wrong she had been, her lover had been harsh and quick. He might, at least, have given her an opportunity to show her reformation. These things recurred to her now, and for a moment pride whispered to make no reply, but the Christian principles forbade this on second thought, and she accepted his proposed services, though with a fluttering heart. At first their conversation was on the evening, but when they had walked several squares her companion said abruptly—

'When we last parted, Miss Thornton, it was in anger, at least on my part. I hope you have forgotten that painful evening.'

Lucy's first feeling was that of indignation, then of humiliation, and finally tears gathered into her eyes. Controlling her emotion she answered coldly,

'Mr. Emerson might have spared all allusion to the past.'

'You misunderstood me, dear Miss Thornton,' he said warmly, 'it is not to pain you that I recurred to the subject; but to assure you that I have long since felt that I was harsh and hasty; and to beg your forgiveness for my conduct. Could you but read my heart you would see how I respect—nay! I added in a lower tone, 'adore you.'

'Oh! if this had only come in time,' thought Lucy; and she felt her arm trembling in that of her companion. But again she made a strong effort to regain her composure on recollecting that he who addressed her was the husband of another. She withdrew her arm.

'These words are unfit for me to hear as for you to utter,' she said proudly, 'such language does not become one who has bound himself by solemn vows to another.'

'Lucy,' said he, disengaging her hold, 'I could have forgotten your trifling with this young man, but can I forget your falsehood to me? It is not a month since this last act. Had you at that time, frankly told me all, I

would have taken you to my breast, and forgiven you freely; but now it is too late.—What guarantee have I that you will not deceive me again? No—you have invited your own fate—from this moment I shall forget you.' And breaking from her, he left the room.

The poor girl stood like one stricken, in the very spot where he disengaged himself from her despairing grasp, until she heard the front door close, when she fell senseless to the floor.

The next day Lucy was in a high fever; and Ellen, who suspected the truth from the incoherent ravings of the invalid, and whose heart bled for her cousin, despatched an urgent note to Robert, begging to see him, if only for a moment, when she hoped to alter his determination. The note was sent back from his boarding house with the information that he had left the city that morning, and it was uncertain when he would return.

What sufferings were endured by Lucy on her return, or, when he returns, to ask your pardon, and atone, if that is possible, for my hasty and harsh conduct. In that hour of passion on my part, which witnessed our last meeting, I forgot all charity, and committed a greater sin than the one for which I refused to forgive you. And oh! how often since, has the remembrance of my injustice wrung my heart. God's hand has been upon me—I am alone in the world. Lucy, dear Lucy, will you forgive me?

The earth seemed to swim beneath her listener, but every word sank deep into her heart.

When he had finished, her emotions overpowered her. Her old love for the penitent Emerson had only been smothered, not extinguished, and now revived in full force; the suffering he had endured melted her heart; and she felt as if she could fall on his bosom and forgive all. He saw that he might hope, and tenderly pressing her hand, supported her almost sinking to the ground.

Forced now to avail herself of the support of her companion's arm, she suffered minutes to pass before she spoke, for the power of trembling increased and became uncontrollable.

'Yes, dear Lucy,' said the lover of her youth, 'I am a stricken man, come back to ask your pardon, and atone, if that is possible, for my hasty and harsh conduct. In that hour of passion on my part, which witnessed our last meeting, I forgot all charity, and committed a greater sin than the one for which I refused to forgive you. And oh! how often since, has the remembrance of my injustice wrung my heart. God's hand has been upon me—I am alone in the world. Lucy, dear Lucy, will you forgive me?

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